203
Engl. Theat! vol 79.

ALMENA:

AN

ENGLISH OPERA.

As it is performed

At the THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE.

Written by Mr. ROLT, K

Author of ELIZA.

The Muſic compoſed by

Mr. ARNE, and Mr. BATTISHILL.

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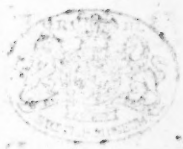

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

ELIZABETH,

Counteſs of NORTHUMBERLAND.

MADAM,

AS an Engliſhman, who has long attempted to introduce Operas, wrote in our own Language, compoſed by our own Muſicians, and exhibited by our own Performers, upon the Britiſh Theatre; I am proud to embrace an Opportunity of confiding ALMENA to the Patronage of your Ladyſhip; eſpecially as it is an Opera conſtructed upon a new Plan, to accompany Sound with Senſe, and reſtore that Harmony which ought to ſubſiſt between the Siſter-Arts, who muſt ſmile under the Protection of your Ladyſhip, whoſe national Spirit

and

and exalted Worth ſupport and increaſe the Fame and Dignity of your illuſtrious Anceſtors, ſo as to be univerſally admired by all your Countrymen, and particularly revered by,

Madam,

Your LADYSHIP's moſt obliged

and obedient Servant,

R. ROLT.

ARGUMENT.

Iſmael, in 1499, founded the Race of the *Seffies*, or Prophets, which continued Kings of *Perſia* 'till 1722, when *Mohammed*, or *Maghmud*, the Son of *Mir-Vais*, and Chief of the *Afghans*, who inhabited the Province of *Kandahar*, ſhook off his Allegiance to *Shah Sultan Huſſein*, the laſt King of the *Seffie* Line, inveſted *Perſia*, defeated *Huſſein*'s Army at *Gulnabad*, took him Priſoner, and dethroned him; after which *Mohammed* ordered moſt of the *Perſian* Nobility to be murdered, and with his own Hands maſſacred above one Hundred of *Huſſein*'s Children, in the Palace-yard: but ALMENA, one of his Daughters, is ſuppoſed to have been ſpared, and *Mirza*, his Nephew, to have eſcaped, who afterwards raiſed an Army, and defeated *Mohammed*; whereby the Royal Line of *Perſia* was reſtored.

CHARACTERS.

MEN.

MOHAMMED, Uſurper of the Perſian Throne: in love with ASPATIA, } Mr. *Vernon.*

MIRZA, A young Prince, Nephew of the depoſed Sultan HUSSEIN; in love with ALMENA, } Mr. *Giuſtinelli.*

ABUDAH, A PERSIAN Nobleman, formerly baniſhed by HUSSEIN for his Love to ASPATIA, and afterwards Vizir to MOHAMMED, } Mr. *Champneſs.*

WOMEN.

ASPATIA, Widow of HUSSEIN, } Mrs. *Cremonini.*

ALMENA, a young Princeſs, Daughter of ASPATIA; in love with MIRZA, } Miſs. *Wright.*

ZARA, Siſter to MOHAMMED; in love with MIRZA, } Mrs. *Vincent.*

SELIMA, Attendant on ALMENA, } Miſs *Williams.*

Prieſts of the Sun, Officers, Guards, and Attendants.

The Scene Iſpahan, *the Capital of* Perſia.

PLAYS and FARCES, &c.

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ALMENA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Garden of the Haram, or Seraglio.

ALMENA, SELIMA.

SELIMA.

SIGH not, *Almena*; why this deep Deſpair?
Mirza, thy gallant Lover, is in Safety.
The holy Prieſts, who now invoke the Sun
To beam propitious Rays on *Perſia*'s Clime,
Yield him Protection.

Alm. - - - - There ſurvives my Hope.

AIR.

The golden Radiance of the Sun,
Mild glancing thro' the Cedar Bow'rs,
Renews the Glories of the Day:
The beauteous Work's again begun,
Which Nature freſhens, and impow'rs,
And every Bird exalts its Lay.

Sweet is the Prime of florid June;
Sweet are the Meadows as they ſmile;
And ſweet the rural Minſtrel's Song:
But ſweeter is the Mind in Tune;
Sweeter the Heart unknown to Guile;
And ſweeter where the Virtues throng.

Alm. But ſhould *Aſpatia* feel the Tyrant's Rage,
Who ſtill inſults her with his hateful Paſſion—
Sel. See where ſhe comes; her Morning Slumbers broke
By anxious Care.
Alm. She's thoughtful; ſoft, retire. [Exit *Sel.*

SCENE II.

ASPATIA, ALMENA.

Aſp. My Huſband's Murd'rer court me to his Arms!
Nature recoils, and ſhudders at the Thought.—
But, my *Almena*, what may prove thy Fate,
Should I the Tyrant's Hatred once provoke?

Almena advancing.

Alm. Ah! why this ſad Solicitude for me?
Aſp. For thee alone, my Daughter, would I live
A widow'd Mother, and a captive Queen.
Alm. Yet cheriſh ſtill the Hope of better Days.
Aſp. For thee I will. Our injur'd Friend, *Abudah*,
In ſecret wiſhes to avenge our Wrongs.

Alm. As good as injur'd, to forget his own,
That forc'd him, baniſh'd from my Father's Court,
To join reluctantly th' Uſurper's Train.

Aſp. And yet, though now his Chief in Camp and Council,
His Loyalty to *Seffie*'s Race—

Alm. Is wond'rous.

Aſp. Yes, my *Almena*, 'tis to ſuch good Men
Heav'n delegates a Portion of its Will,
To puniſh Tyrants, and to right th' oppreſs'd.

AIR.

In a fallen ruin'd State,
Bleſſings on the Virtuous wait:
By Adverſity refin'd
Is the truly noble Mind.

Though, with Carnage ſtrewn the Land,
Perſia *lies a barren Strand;*
Still in gracious Heav'n confide;
Angels o'er Diſtreſs preſide. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

A Hill planted with Cedar and Palm-trees. In the Middle of the Scene, a Fire burning on an Altar. GAWRS, *or Prieſts of the Sun, ſtanding on each Side.* MIRZA *in the Front. The Riſing Sun ſeen at a Diſtance.*

MIRZA.

Heav'ns! ſuch a Slaughter! all my Troops diſpers'd--

Gawr I. Know, *Mirza*, Providence, howe'er ſevere,
Is ever juſt. Then to thy Fate ſubmit;
And hail, in Confidence, the God of Day.

HYMN *to the* SUN.

AIR.

Mir. *Hail, Source of Light! whoſe genial Pow'r,*
(Fervid all Nature's Scenes around)
Thy Glory bright diſplays:

Thus, at the fix'd and ſolemn Hour
Devotion claims, this hallow'd Ground
With Hymns reſounds thy Praiſe.

CHORUS *of* GAWRS:

Hail, refulgent Orb divine;
Worſhip'd at this holy Shrine:
Preſerve our conſecrated Fire,
As our Pray'rs to thee aſpire.

Gawr I. Deſiſt — The Sound of ſome intruding Steps
Invades mine ear. They bend their Courſe this Way.
Fly, *Mirza*, fly—*Mohammed*'s impious Troops
Have paſs'd the Limits of this holy Mount,
And ſpeed them hither—Hence, elude their Search.
Mir. No—If theſe ſacred Altars they profane,
This is my laſt Retreat.—I will be found.—
Who cannot ſhun, ſhould bravely meet his Fate.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE IV. *The Palace at* Iſpahan.

MOHAMMED, ZARA, ABUDAH, Guards *and* Attendants.

Moham. Ambition knows her Sons, and crowns their Toils.
The Race of *Seffie* to our Arms ſubmit,
And Conqueſt's crown'd with Glory.
Zara. Say with Peace.
Ab. For Peace alone the Sword of War is drawn.

AIR.

Rough and tedious is the Way
Leading to imperial Sway,
And ever full of anxious Toil.

Nothing can reſiſt the Brave;
But the Conqu'ror's bound to ſave
The conquer'd from the Sword and Spoil.

Mo. I ſought not Plunder.—Soldier, as I am,
My Soul is full of Conqueſt, not of Rapine.
Ab. Yet Conqueſt goes with Rapine hand in hand.
Perſia ſeverely bleeds beneath your Arms;
Her Monarch, Princes, Nobles are deſtroy'd.
Mo. Can'ſt thou, amid the Fury of the Battle,
Preſume to ſtop the raging Tide of War,
Or bid ſtern Havoc hold its ſlaught'ring Hand?

AIR.

AIR.

The martial Hoſt, and tented Plain,
May fright the poor and timid Swain,
Who never felt Ambition's Fire:

But nothing awes, or ſhould controul,
The truly great undaunted Soul,
That dares to Empire's Height aſpire.

What News, *Abudah*, of that choſen Band,
We ſent in Search of enterprizing *Mirza*,
That ſtubborn Scyon of the *Seffie*'s Race;
Who, like a Leopard, iſſues from his Covert,
And ravages the Fold?——My Diadem
Is not ſecure, while he remains untam'd.
Ab. They have, we learn, inveſted his Retreat
Among the *Gawrs*.—But here brave *Oſman* comes.

Enter an Officer.

Off. Health to the Race of *Ali*.—*Mirza*'s taken.
Mo. We thank thee, *Mahomet!*—Go, haſte thee, Soldier,
And inſtantly conduct him to our Preſence. [*Exe.*

SCENE V.

MOHAMMED, *ſeated on a Throne, ornamented with the Royal Arms of* Perſia: ZARA, *and* Attendants.

Enter MIRZA *guarded, and in Chains.*

Zara. Is this the Prince?

Mir.

Mir. A Prince of *Seffie*'s Race.
Mo. But now a Slave.
Mir. The vileſt Slave that lives,
Becauſe he wears thy Chains. Yet, vain Uſurper!
Know thou, that I can wear them and be free.
Za. Amazing Fortitude! unhappy Prince!
Mo. Thou would'ſt provoke my Rage to end thee.—No!
Live to enjoy the Freedom of thy Chains.
Mir. I ſcorn thy Mercy, and defy thy Pow'r.
Loſt, as I am, Life has no Charms for me.
Mo. Yes, while *Almena* lives.
Mir. *Almena!* ſay'ſt thou?
Haſt thou in Cruelty then ſpar'd my Love?
Spar'd her to wreak thy Vengeance upon me!—
Then haſt thou found indeed the Way of Torture.
Za. Such Softneſs too!
Mo. Guards, lead him to his Dungeon.
By *Mahomet* I ſwear—
Mir. Thy Threats are vain.
I can endure, and ſmile upon thy Tortures.
Mo. Then thou ſhalt try them. Be his Guard ſecure.—

[Exeunt *Moh.* and *Mirza* guarded.

SCENE VI.

Za. If gen'rous Pity be ally'd to Love,
Sweet Prince! already haſt thou won a Heart.

Zara (diſmiſſing her Attendants)

Go hence, and leave me to my troubled Thoughts.

AIR.

AIR.

Sure, I feel the Dart of Love
Deep within my Boſom move:
Paſſion may perplex the Heart;
Reaſon then ſhould heal the Smart.

But if Reaſon quits the Rein,
Love uſurping wide Domain;
Mirza *ſoon ſhall Freedom find,*
If he proves to Zara *kind.* [Exit.

SCENE VII.

ASPATIA, ALMENA, *and* SELIMA.

Aſp. I muſt again attend this Tyrant's Pleaſure,
And be tormented with his odious Vows.
Alm. How much I fear and tremble for your Safety?
Aſp. My Child be comforted: Place Confidence
In Heav'n, from whence looks down the Cherub Hope.

AIR.

In Hope to recompenſe his Toil,
The lab'ring Peaſant tills the Soil:
In Hope the Mariner will brave
The Dangers of the Caſpian *Wave.*

Hop

Hope chears the Slave that digs the Mine,
And makes him ſigh for Freedom's Shrine:
For Hope, when Juſtice left Mankind,
Soothing our Cares, remain'd behind.

[Exit *Aſp.*

Alm. So ſtrong is Grief, involuntary Tears
Steal down my Cheeks.—Ah! my foreboding Heart!
Sel. Another Captive!—
Alm. Yes;—it is—'tis he.

SCENE VIII.

Enter MIRZA *guarded.*

Mir. Almena!
Alm. Mirza!
Mir. Yes; *Almena* lives.
I thought thee claſp'd in the cold Arms of Death,
And never hop'd this ſweet Embrace again.
Alm. To meet thee here, and in a Tyrant's Pow'r,
Is ſtill much worſe than Death.
Sel. 'Tis moſt unhappy.
Alm. Ah! where is now our fond deluſive Hope?

AIR.

As Pilgrims ſtray through Sorrow's Vale,
The chearful Flow'ret Hope may riſe:
But bending down before the Gale,
Stript of its Bloom, it fades and dies.

Mir. Almena! muſt we part no more to meet?

Sel. Deſpair not, Prince.—There ſtill is Hope in Store
For thee and for *Almena*.
Alm. Flatt'rer, ceaſe;
I know of none.—No, *Mirza!* we muſt part;
Thou to thy Dungeon, Tortures, Racks and Death:
I to behold a widow'd Queen and Mother,
Dragg'd by my Father's Murd'rer to his Bed.
Officer. Guards, force him hence.
Mir. A Moment's Patience, Soldier.
One more Embrace, *Almena*, and adieu.

AIR. DUET.

Alm. *Adieu, moſt gallant Youth, adieu!*
And met we thus to part?
This laſt, this longing, ling'ring View,
Will break Almena's *Heart.*

Mir. *The Calm of Patience fill thy Breaſt:*
This Storm may ſoon be o'er.
A brighter Day may make us bleſt,
To meet and part no more. [Exeunt.

The End of the Firſt Act.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Priſon.

MIRZA.

AIR.

UNtimely ſetting at the Dawn,
My Sun of Glory thus withdrawn,
No friendly Beam ſupplies its Ray;
Save what this Glow-worm Light around,
Sheds, dimly ſcatter'd o'er the Ground,
In Abſence of excluded Day.

Sad Change of Fortune!—Still muſt *Perſia* bleed?
While I am torn from Empire and from Love.—

SCENE II.

MIRZA, ABUDAH.

Mir. Abudah!
Ab. *Mirza*, know me for thy Friend.
Mir. No Friend to Tyranny can e'er be mine.
Ab. I hate the Tyrant. His inhuman Deeds,
Join'd to the Love I bear the Houſe of *Seffie*,
Confirm me yours, *Almena*'s, and *Aſpatia*'s.
Mir. If thou deceive not, all may not be loſt.
Ab. All may be won, if *Mirza*'s bold and prudent.

Mir. Adviſe, and thou ſhalt ſee.
Ab. Thy ſcatter'd Troops,
Increas'd by num'rous Bands of deſp'rate Peaſants,
Again have rallied in the Plains of *Kasjan*.
Mir. Brave Men!—Oh, were I free from theſe vile Chains,
To lead them on to Glory, Fame, and Conqueſt.
Ab. I mean thou ſhalt; but by another Hand.
Fair *Zara* loves thee; whoſe unguarded Paſſion
May point a ſafer Road to gain thy Freedom.—
See where ſhe comes —— Farewel! thou haſt my Purpoſe. [*Exit.*
Mir. And will complete it.—Baniſh'd for thy Love
Of fair *Aſpatia*, do'ſt thou now intend,
By grateful Service, to acquire her Favor?

SCENE III.

ZARA, MIRZA.

Za. This melancholy Cell but ill accords
With the ſoft Paſſion ſtruggling in my Breaſt.—
Sweet Youth, be not alarm'd; I ſeek thy Safety.

AIR.

Would you taſte of Freedom's Charms,
Zara *courts thee to her Arms:*
Diſtreſs like thine ſhould Pity move,
And Pity's Ray may kindle Love.

For

For my Heart adopts thy Woes;
Melting, thrilling, as it glows:
Leave thy Cell, and follow me;
Love and Zara *ſet thee free.*

Mir. Can Beauty triumph over Miſery?
Za. Oh, rather think I pity thy Diſtreſs.
—Thou art a Prince; and Royalty, that wears
Affliction's Garb, claims Pity for its Friend.
Be mine that Office. I've ſeduc'd thy Guards.
Beneath a Slave's Diſguiſe I can protect thee
Among my Train. Such Freedom I can give.
Mir. Thus Angels make the wretched happy.
——Ah!
Such Kindneſs how have I deſerv'd, or how
Shall I return?
Za. A grateful Heart may feel
A ſoft Alarm.
Mir. My Heart is all *Almena*'s.

AIR.

How can I my Heart ſurrender,
And not moſt unfaithful prove?
Yet 'tis grateful to be tender,
When from Pity riſes Love.

But can Honor prove ingrateful,
And the Vows of Love ſuppreſs?
'Tis unmanly, if deceitful,
When we're bleſs'd, we ceaſe to bleſs.

Za. Be happy—Gratitude may warm thy Breaſt.
I ſave thy Life, then follow me to Freedom.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Palace.

MOHAMMED, ASPATIA.

Moham. Nay, my *Aſpatia*, ſhare my Heart and Throne:
Let one conſenting Smile confirm them thine.

AIR.

When Beauty on the Lover's Soul
Imprints its firſt and faireſt Charms;
It ſoon does Reaſon's Force controul,
And ev'ry Paſſion quite diſarms.

'Tis Beauty triumphs o'er the Brave,
As ev'ry Feature blooms divine;
'Tis Beauty makes the King a Slave,
When in an Angel's Form like thine.

Aſp. Inſolent Tyrant! Nam'ſt thou Love to me,
With Hands ſtill reeking in my Huſband's Blood,
And *Perſia* all enſlav'd!
Mo. Ingrateful Fair!
It was for Love of thee I conquer'd *Perſia.*
—Why this Reluctance to my tender Wiſhes?
I court,

I court, yet could command.---Then ceaſe, my Fair,
When Love entreats, to turn away with Scorn.

AIR.

Aſp. *'Till thou ſee'ſt the timid Fawn*
With the rampant Lion play;
Wolves and Tygers crop the Lawn,
Led by ſportive Lambs aſtray:

'Till the Falcon wooes the Dove,
And the Vulture quits its Prey;
From a Tyrant's hated Love
Shall I turn with Scorn away. [Exit.

Mo. Imperious Woman! this thou ſhalt repent.—
Vengeance ſhall follow diſappointed Love.
[*Exit.*

SCENE V.

The Palace.

ZARA, *and an* Attendant.

Za. Tell me no more—Ungrateful *Mirza* fled!
And flying boaſt his Paſſion for *Almena!*
Am I then ſlighted for a childiſh Captive?
And ſhall the Sorc'reſs triumph over *Zara?*
No—my Revenge ſhall nip her budding Charms,
Deform and make her odious to his Sight.

AIR.

AIR.

Though ſoft as Down the female Breaſt,
When ſway'd by Love alone;
By Jealouſy if once poſſeſs'd,
The Heart is turn'd to Stone.

SCENE VI.

MOHAMMED, ZARA.

Mo. I am the Slave of a capricious Woman,
Who ſcorns my Paſſion, and defies my Pow'r.—
I will alarm her Fears, or ſate my Vengeance.—
The laſt of *Seffie*'s Race ſhall feel my Rage.
Za. That will confirm thy Pow'r, which is not ſafe
While *Mirza* can behold *Almena*'s Eyes.
Pluck out the Baſiliſks that neſtle there,
And *Mirza* and *Aſpatia* both deſpair.

[*Exit*

Mo. 'Tis well—it ſhall be done; to ſate Revenge,
And ſting the proud *Aſpatia* to the Heart.

SCENE

SCENE VII.

MOHAMMED.

AIR.

Revenge can feed the famiſh'd Soul,
And nothing can its Rage controul,
When Love is fled, and leaves Deſpair:
If Beauty wounds when it may ſave,
It nobly then becomes the Brave
To ſcorn the Triumph of the Fair.

So roll'd up in its thorny Brake,
With Poiſon ſwell'd, the turgid Snake,
Elate a browzing Fawn eſpies:
He ſudden darts along the Plain
His golden Creſt, and baleful Train,
Till in his Graſp the Victim dies. [Exit.

SCENE VIII. *The Palace Garden.*

ALMENA.

The Dew-drop glitt'ring on the Myrtle-leaf
Is my poor Emblem; bright and ſhort it ſhines,
'Till daſh'd to Earth.—But ſee, with Brow ſevere,
And deep in Thought, the good *Abudah* comes.

SCENE IX.

ABUDAH, ALMENA.

Ab. I tremble, Princeſs, to pronounce thy Fate.—
Alm. Alas! thou know'ſt that Miſery has long
Play'd the Uſurper o'er my tender Heart.
Ab. I would ſpeak Muſic to thy gentle Soul,
As tuneful as the plaintive Bird of Night
Sweet warbling in the Grove. —— But the hoarſe Scream
Of hungry Vultures ſuits my horrid Tale.
Alm. Grant me Protection, Heav'n!
Ab. It is decreed
To cloſe thine Eyes in everlaſting Night.
Alm. Oh, Horror! what is my Offence?——
Abudah,

Thou

Thou haſt been ever kind and gracious to me:
And wilt thou now retract the heav'nly Balm
Of ſweet Humanity?—Here let me kneel—
Be thou my Friend and Guardian: —— be my Father!

Ab. I am thy Guardian.——Riſe: Suppreſs thy Grief;
But wear its Habit, to deceive the Tyrant.
I will direct thee how to act.—Let none,
Not ev'n *Aſpatia*, know of this Deceit.—
Yet know thyſelf, that *Mirza* is eſcap'd;
And, by my Aid, ſhall ſoon dethrone the Tyrant.

Alm. Then Heav'n has heard my Pray'r!

AIR.

Now Peace ſhall claim its ſoft Dominion,
And gentle Love ſhall ſway the Heart:
Ambition ſinks on weary'd Pinion,
And Tyranny has loſt its Dart.

Again ſhall ſmiling Joy and Pleaſure,
Advance together Hand in Hand:
And Plenty ſpread its golden Treaſure,
To brighten the deliver'd Land!

Ab. Thy Innocence will be the Care of Heav'n;
While *Mirza* ſhall unſheathe the Sword of Juſtice.

AIR.

Poiz'd in Heav'n's eternal Scale,
Virtue muſt o'er Vice prevail:
Tho' Right to Pow'r awhile may bend,
Juſtice will triumph in the End.

The End of the Second Act.

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Palace, with a View of the Garden.

MOHAMMED, ABUDAH.

MOHAMMED.

'TIS well—if *Mirza*'s fled, *Almena*'s ſafe.
Ab. Amid yon Cypreſs Grove ſhe ſits forlorn,
Without an Eye to ſtream the Tear of Woe.
—*Aſpatia* comes at thy command.
Mo. Withdraw.

Exit Abudah; *and* Mohammed *retires to the Back of the Stage.*]

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter ASPATIA.

Asp. This unexpected Summons much alarms me.——
Abudah may be falſe; and, Oh, I fear
For my *Almena*, whom I've ſought in vain.

AIR.

With Doubts and Fears for her I love,
My Heart is ſtill diſtreſs'd;
Afflicted as the plaintive Dove,
When plunder'd of her Neſt;
Where ſad, and moaning all the Day,
She pines in Solitude away.

MOHAMMED *advances to* ASPATIA.

Aſp. Where is *Almena?*—Give me back my Child.—
Mo. She is *Abudah*'s Charge.—
Alm. (At a Diſtance) Ah me!—
Moham. What mournful Strain
Salutes the Ear?
Aſp. It is *Almena*'s Voice

AL-

ALMENA *ſings behind the Scenes.*

AIR.

Omitted.

Where is Pity's melting Eye,
Beaming like the widow'd Dove,
As ſhe heaves the tender Sigh,
Pining in the ſhady Grove?

Aſp. Ah! what portend theſe melancholy Notes!
They ſeem the Depth of Sorrow.
Moham. Hark! again.

ALMENA *ſings again.*

AIR.

Where is Nature's glorious Robe,
Fair and ſplendid to the Sight?
Loſt the Beauties of the Globe,
Loſt to me in endleſs Night.

Aſp. Inhuman Monſter! has thy ſavage Hand
Welter'd again in royal Blood!—*Almena,*
Shall I no more behold thy beauteous Eyes?—
Haſt thou, Barbarian! robb'd my Child of Sight!

AIR.

AIR.

Oh, Tyrant! horrible, accurs'd!
May in Vengeance from on high
The ſwifteſt Light'nings fly,
On thy devoted Head to burſt! [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

MOHAMMED.

Scatter ſuch Imprecations to the Winds—
—What gloomy Thought ſudden comes o'er my Soul!
My Heart is chill'd with Horror!—Down Remorſe
Ambition, keep thy Helm; nor buſtling Conſcienc
Obſtruct my Courſe before the ſwelling Gale.

AIR.

Why ſhould Pride, a Woman's Shield,
Humble my ambitious Soul?
If to Love ſhe will not yield,
Cannot I by Force controul?

No—reluctant Beauty chills;
Coldly if my Arms ſhe fills,
'Tis in vain I rage, I burn,
While my Love meets no Return.

SCEN

SCENE IV.

MOHAMMED, ABUDAH.

Ab. Sultan, prepare!—*Mirza* collects his Force,
And moves with haſty March towards *Iſpahan*.
Moham. Where then is *Oſman* with our choiceſt
Troops?
Ab. Defeated, fled, and ſcatter'd.
Moham. How! defeated!
By *Mahomet!* there's Treach'ry in the Field.—
Guard thou the City—I will to the Camp,
And ſoon recover all that *Oſman* loſt.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The Palace Garden.

ALMENA, SELIMA.

Alm. Amaz'd, *Aſpatia* heard my plaintive Song,
Which has deceiv'd the Tyrant.
Sel. Thy Diſtreſs,
Though feign'd, ſeems great.—How did the Queen
ſupport it?

AIR.

Alm. *As the fierce Lioneſs ſurrounds*
Her helpleſs Young beſet with Hounds
And Hunters on the Plain:
Elate, ſhe rouzes all her Pow'rs;
And dark her angry Eye-ball lours
On all the hoſtile Train.

With deadly Rage and Anguiſh ſtung,
Aloud ſhe roars to guard her Young;
While all the Foreſt rings:
Aſpatia's *Grief doth thus reſound;*
The Mother feels the Daughter's Wound,
As ſharp Affliction ſtings.

[Exeunt.

SCENE VI.

The Palace.

ASPATIA, ABUDAH.

Ab. *Aſpatia!*
Aſp. Oh, thou falſe and timid Man,
Why didſt thou flatter me with Hope! — Why grant
Protection but to aggravate Diſtreſs!
Thou haſt deceiv'd me.—

Ab. True; thou art deceiv'd.—
I have preſerv'd the Princeſs, and beguil'd
The Tyrant.
Aſp. Then thou art *Abudah* ſtill;
The Guardian Angel of the Houſe of *Seffie*.
Ab. My Friends will lead their Bands on *Mirza*'s Side,
Nor ſhall the Tyrant enter here again,
But as a Captive.—
Aſp. Heav'n reward thy Goodneſs.
Ab. Thyſelf be my Reward: The greateſt Bleſſing
Abudah can receive.—
Aſp. This is no Time
For me to hear what I have long ſurmis'd.
Ab. Juſtly doſt thou reproach me.——Let the Strife
Of War be ended; then let Love commence.
[*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

ASPATIA.

AIR.

The fearful Hind deſerts her Train,
And ſeeks the Covert of the Wood;
While the rude Panther ſcours the Plain,
To feaſt his Hunger deep in Blood.

But often does ſome friendly Brake
Securely guard the panting Hind;
And when Death's Horrors are awake,
The Innocent Protection find. [Exit.

SCENE VIII.

The Palace Garden.

ALMENA, SELIMA.

Sel. The War is o'er, and *Perſia* now is free.
The Tyrant is in Chains; and gallant *Mirza*
Leads his victorious Troops within our Gates.
Alm. The Prophet bleſs thee for this joyful News.

AIR.

Sel. *The Sweets of Peace ſhall be our own,*
And ſmiling Plenty crown the Plain:
'Tis Peace adorns the Monarch's Throne,
And chears the Cottage of the Swain.

The riſing Sun ſhall bleſs the Mead,
And fair the Mountain Olive ſpring:
The Vine its richeſt Cluſters ſpread,
When Glory crowns a Patriot King.

Alm. See where *Aſpatia* comes to ſhare our Joy.

SCENE

SCENE IX.

ASPATIA, ALMENA, SELIMA.

Aſp. Oh, my *Almena!* with a Mother's Fondneſs
Let me embrace thee on this happy Day.—

DUET.

Both. *As flows the cool and purling Rill,*
In ſilver Mazes down the Hill;
Alm. *It chears the Myrtle and the Vine,*
That in each others Foliage twine.

Aſpatia. *So Streams from the maternal Heart*
What tender Nature can impart:
Both. *Thus happy in my Arms to fold,*
And to my Heart Almena *hold.*
And to my Heart Aſpatia *hold.*

[*Exeunt,*

SCENE

SCENE X.

A View of the Royal Meidan.

The triumphal Entry of MIRZA *into* Iſpahan, *accompanied by the* Gawrs, ABUDAH, Officers, Guards, *and other Attendants.*

Chorus of GAWRS.

Hail, Victor, hail! with choral Lay,
We celebrate this glorious Day.
Perſia *again ſhall nobly ſhine;*
Freedom is ours, and Glory thine.

Mirza. Ye holy Men, 'tis now my Turn to grant
Protection; amply then receive it all.

AIR.

Omitted.

Ab. Thus when young Ammon *march'd along,*
Returning from his Indian *War;*
Through Nyſa's *Plain, the gazing Throng*
Attended his triumphal Car.

With curling Vines and Ivy crown'd,
He mov'd victorious like a God;
The Lyriſts hymn'd their Songs around,
And Love and Joy before them trod.

SCEN

SCENE XI.

Enter ALMENA, ASPASIA, *and* SELIMA.

Mir. My Love!
Alm. My Prince!
Mir. Thus welcome to my Heart!
To ſhare my Triumph, and adorn the Throne.
Alm. Oh ſweet Reward for all my Sorrows paſt.
Ab. Now *Perſia* ſhall enjoy the Fruits of Peace,
As *Mirza* wears the Crown.—
Aſp. A Mother's Bleſſing
Fall on your Heads, as Dew-drops on the Palms.
Ab. Let grateful Honor kindle gentle Love
In my *Aſpatia*'s Boſom.
Aſp. Gratitude
Reigns o'er my Heart, and Honor merits Love.
Ab. Thus Virtue's Balm extracts Affliction's Thorn,
And Juſtice proves its Origin divine.

AIR.

Mirza. *Fortune with a wanton Joy,*
Does her fleeting Pow'r employ:
But firm enthron'd will Virtue reign,
Though giddy Fortune ſhifts the Scene.

Nobly

Nobly have we ſought the Foe;
Glory does its Wreathes beſtow:
Now the Victory is won,
Freedom ſhall our Labors crown.

Grand CHORUS.

Bright as the Sun ſhall Virtue ſhine;
And, like a Meteor, Vice decline.
In ſlow'ry Paths may Fortune ſtray;
But Juſtice keeps unerring Sway:
While Mortals bear Affliction's Frown,
Angels deſcend with Glory's Crown.

The END.